

# The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

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NUMB 373.

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FANNY:

OR, THE

HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH, OF M. D'ARNAUD.]

LORD WHATLEY had attained to those years, that may not improperly be called the reign of the passions. His disposition was naturally good, he had great sensibility, and an instinctive love of justice. But the thoughtless period of two-and-twenty, wealth, birth, and bad company (by which it is needless to say one means great company), these, together with the facility of boundless gratification, all equally destructive of reason and sentiment, had overborne the voice of nature, that guardian voice, which, whenever we attend to it, calls us to the paths of truth: Distinguished in the dissipated circle at Newmarket, the perfect model of every fashionable folly, Whatley had all that was politely careless or agreeably extravagant, and, what was the foundation of the whole, a very fine estate in the county of Salop.

Sir Thomas Ward was his favorite. That gentleman had an engaging address, and a seductive wit. He was a most eloquent professor of vice, a most powerful advocate of pleasure; for he had the art of giving a prevailing charm to every subject he undertook to defend. He, therefore found no great difficulty in making a disciple of Whatley:—A young mind is subservient to the senses, and easily yields to every flattering overture.

This nobleman, after having been agreeably entertained at dinner with his companions, his head full of voluptuous images, was walking alone in one of the vistas of his park. It led him, insensibly, to the house of one of his tenants whose name was Adams.

Lord Whatley was struck with the figure of a girl who seemed to be about sixteen, and was one of the farmer's youngest daughters. Ireland, so boasted for beauties, never produced so fine a creature. Fanny was literally an angel from heaven; the dignity of her mind was displayed in her countenance, and modesty gave a deeper blush to the roses on her cheek. Her mouth, her glowing mouth was the seat of ten thousand graces. Her skin was white as the glistening snow; her hair the most beautiful brown, and her eyes had a charm, of which words can give no idea. Suffice it to say, that it was impossible to look upon her, without two sentiments that carried away the heart; that is, admiration, and the whole energy of love. The latter soon made its inroads on the heart of this young lord.

When Fanny spoke, every word went to the soul of Whatley, and completed her conquest. He would have laid his commands on Adams, but he was no longer the lord the master of Fanny, his farmer's daughter. He let fall some broken expressions; Fanny had confused him.

Adams had given his daughter an excellent education. She was cited as an example of prudence and politeness, through the whole district of Salop.—One of her relations, minister of a neighboring parish, had taken a pleasure in form-

ing and embellishing her mind; and to him she was indebted for attainments far above her years. The precepts of the minister had not, however, prevented her from discovering that she had a heart: The sight of our young lord convinced her of it at once. He frequently repeated his visit to the farmer, or rather to his daughter; and the every time made a new impression on him. He became pensive, melancholy; the whole artillery of the baronet's humour was played upon him in vain. It could not banish that dear, that delightful pensiveness which forever carried his heart towards the amiable daughter of Adams.

Fanny, one day, presented him with a nosegay. My lord, said she, blushing, I could wish these flowers were better: I gathered them on purpose for your lordship.—Flowers from your hand, most beautiful Fanny, must always be acceptable. This compliment, or rather this real expression of what he felt, soon found its way to the heart of Fanny.—Her fine complexion assumed a deeper blush. Her parents had not heard the answer his lordship had made her.—Upon his return home, he gave the flowers a thousand kisses. He addressed himself to them as if he had been speaking to Fanny. The baronet did not fail to treat him like a Celadon, or an Artemenes. My dear friend, said he, you must certainly have read those piteous French romances. You must never shew your face in London; you will be pointed at as you pass along the street. I thought you would have made an incomparable Lovelace, but you are Menalcas by a fountain side.

Sir Thomas accompanied his friend to the farmer's. He saw Fanny. He was disconcerted; he had need of the whole force of his wit and humour to defend himself against the stroke that had wounded Whatley. He attempts to address himself in the language of the town to the respectable villager. She speaks. He is in confusion. Sir Thomas, at length, resumes his pleasantry. He retires to have some private conversation with Adams. The worthy old man returns, lifting up his eyes to heaven, distracted, pale, ready to sink into the ground, death in his countenance. Go, my children. Ah, my lord! throwing himself with folded hands, and streaming eyes, at the feet of Whatley, what have I done, that you have sworn my ruin and disgrace? That gentleman, said he, my dear, addressing himself to his wife, and pointing to the baronet, has offered me money to give up Fanny to my lord. To think us capable of such baseness, of prostituting the dear child we have brought up!—Take our lives, my lord, but leave us our honour; it is the only possession we have. Are we then no longer worthy to be your servants? You, you then, had no such design. It is you, sir, who have given his lordship such counsel as this. Alas! what would my lord his father have said? He treated us like his children.

No, my dear Adams, interrupted Whatley, I never had any such horrid idea. This is the insufferable pleasantry of my friend. Set your heart at ease. Certainly, my lord, answered he,

I never could apprehend that you should so far forget your former goodness to the grateful creatures that are always blessing you. As to you, sir, said he, turning to sir Thomas, I must tell you, that if these are your pleasantries, they are very vile ones; we may be poor, but we have a sense of honour as well as you. If one of my equals, added he, with a voice choked up with grief, had made me such an infamous proposal, I should have gone to these extremities which have now been prevented by respect. I tell you once more, my dear Adams, my friend did not mean to insult you; he was only in jest; I ask your pardon for him; and he goes.

Do you ask pardon for me, said Sir Thomas? Undoubtedly, and you ought to ask it of the meanest person you have offended; then he is our superior, our master. How cruel to be the occasion of my sufferings! you have offended the father of Fanny.

I have described Whatley, as one of those young lords, that conceal all their defects under the varnish of politeness. I am not now inconsistent;—but love works miracles. It had made of a frivolous and insolent lord, a timorous and respectful lover; and had opened his mind to the influences of virtue. The complaints of poor Adams had vexed him, and Sir Thomas must have been connected with him in the closest intimacy, as the conduct of that worthless man of fashion was not followed by an open rupture.

Whatley was distressed. He adored Fanny, yet he did not dare to see her. He was equally afraid of seeing the father and daughter. His friends dragged him to London, and plunged him once more in all those fashionable follies and extravagancies, which the world calls pleasure.

Adams, from that moment, had lost that cheerfulness which is the happy portion of the inhabitants of the country. He was not satisfied with lord Whatley's promises. He looked upon his daughter's growing beauties with a sigh, and the tear was sometimes ready to overflow the eyelid.

My dear father, said Fanny, may I ask you the reason why you appear so sad? I have observed that for some time your looks have been fixed on me; and you shed tears: Can I have given you, my tender parent, any reason to be dissatisfied? will you no longer love your poor Fanny?—Child, observe what I say, and answer me ingeniously. Indeed, dear sir, I have always spoke the truth to you.

Tell me, then, what are your sentiments of my lord? what do you think of him? speak the truth. I think, father, said she, with blushing cheeks and down-cast eyes,—I think him very amiable; do you not think the same? My dear child, you must learn to know men. This lord, whom you think so amiable, would have brought me and your poor mother with sorrow to the grave; would have deprived me of all I hold most dear—of my beloved Fanny!—Sir! what is it you say? He would, my dear child, (clasping her to his bosom, and bathing her with his tears) he would have dishonoured me; would have taken you for the indulgence of a licenti-



our passion—for his mistress. (Upon this he sunk down into the arms of his daughter)—Heavens, what horrid wretches are men! who could have thought this of my lord? Take care, my dear Fanny, resumed the father, take care of the snare that may be laid for you. Receive no letters from my lord; never be a moment alone; be always, if possible, in the bosom of your father and mother. Remember that the greatest of all possessions is innocence. Embrace me, my dear child, and be the glory and comfort of your parents.

Fanny wept. No, my worthy father, no, you never shall have reason to blush for me. I did not apprehend any thing like this from my lord. What a barbarous man to disturb our happiness! O that he may never come here! Gratitude and respect, my child, are due to him; and it will be your duty to observe a profound silence; only be directed by my advice.

Fanny, when alone, a thousand times repeated, how can so amiable a man have such ungenerous sentiments? O that vile London! how has it depraved the heart of my lord Whatley! had he always lived here, certainly he would never have debased himself by such a conduct.

His idea, nevertheless, was still with Fanny; and, possibly, she partook of the impression he had made. Her lover, in vain, had recourse to the dissipation of his former amusements. He had received a wound which the art of London could not cure. Every pleasure yielded to the remembrance of Fanny; she was in every scene, in every object.

[To be continued.]

#### AN E C D O T E.

Extracted from the Republican Francois, the 14th Ventose, (4th March.)

A Fact is now reported, which gives a shocking idea of the ferociousness of the monster who had succeeded in subjugating all France. Trial, a comedian, and at the same time a magistrate of the people, as was Collot d'Herbois, declared, some minutes before his death, that he died convulsed with remorse for having caused the execution of madame de St. Amaranthe, her beautiful daughter, Madame de Sartine, her son aged 10 years, her whole family, and many of their friends. It happened in the following manner:—Robespierre and Trial were admitted into madame de Amaranthe's house, and were frequently there entertained at dinner. One day Robespierre, intoxicated with liquor, spoke with much indiscretion, and even disclosed some of his purposes in presence of some of the guests and attendants. The next morning, Trial came, with eagerness to Robespierre, to remonstrate upon the imprudence he had committed, and exposed to him the dangers he might run by such an indiscretion. Robespierre paused a moment, then only said to Trial, "be not uneasy." Two days after, the whole family and all the servants were guillotined.

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SWEET Innocence, thy doom is past,  
And cruel Death his dart hath cast;  
How happier far thy fate must be,  
Than those who liv'd thy end to see.  
Weep not my friends I lie at rest,  
In realms of joy, Eliza's blest,  
I'm gone to join the heav'nly choir,  
Where, once we meet, we'll part no more.

#### EVE UPON LEAVING PARADISE.

AN ODE.

FAREWELL, ye roses, wet with matin dew,  
Ye powder'd cowslips, and ye vi'lets blue;  
And ye, my secret haunts, my shad'wy bow'rs,  
Ye tufts of verdure, and ye banks of flow'rs,  
Adieu, adieu! your mistress bids adieu!  
To soft content, tranquility, and you.

Who, now, will watch with the same tender care,  
Who screens from show'rs, protect from noxious air,  
My fragrant shrubs, expanding to the sky?  
Who, now will visit with an anxious eye,  
My cypress glooms, my laurel shades,  
My sunny borders, essenc'd glades?  
Ah, who, alas! will deing to twine  
The tendrills of the creeping vine,  
Or cull, when ripe, its swelling fruit,  
Or watch the tulip's bulbous root,  
Observe its glitt'ring leaves of gold,  
At morn, like satin vests, unfold,  
At eve its gaudy vestments close:  
Who will attend the blushing rose?  
Ah! blushing with a deeper red,  
With shame, not modesty o'erspread?  
Amidst the pauses of the rain,  
I hear the Nightingale complain;  
Complain upon a leaf-forlorn tree,  
Of violated duty, and of me.  
Yes! ev'ry songsters swelling throat,  
Joins in the same resentful note,  
And sadly dirges, "Eden, once our boast,  
By Eve, rebellent Eve, eternally is lost."

How could I forfeit the condition giv'n,  
Forego this Paradise, the gift of Heav'n?  
Fool that I was, neglected of my fate,  
To be seduc'd, I pluck'd I ate,  
I tempted, I succeeded, I destroy'd,  
And lost the benefits I once enjoy'd;  
And to th' Almighty's promise blind,  
Have damn'd the future offspring of mankind.

#### A R E B U S.

TO a part of what landlords ne'er wish to  
resign  
Add the half of a name, for books droll, or di-  
vine;  
Then annex in right order two thirds of a home  
By great ones look'd on—the palace of some,  
For happiness sometimes will frolicsome rove,  
And a poor man inhabit with peace, health, and  
love;  
Next carefully cull and with caution arrange  
Two vowels important in trade, and exchange;  
And last the initial of one mighty word  
Must be tack'd t' accomplish what lately occur'd,  
What here gave us blessings unrival'd on earth!  
From whose date, all we prize boasts its glorious  
birth,  
France, and Holland with rapture its wonders  
proclaim,  
And "who dare to be free" re-echo its name,  
May England e'er long rend the air with the  
sound,  
And tyranny's agents in ashes be found,  
While the cit, not the subject, its influence sings  
O'er the fall of ARISTOCRATS, TRAITORS,  
and KINGS.

#### E X T E M P O R E,

ON MISS ALL-DAY.

YOUR name, sure Miss All-day, can never be  
right,  
Could I have my wish I would have you All-night!  
THE LADY'S ANSWER.  
Your amendment, kind sir, is deserving of praise,  
But, alas! your All-night would not last all my days.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### MATRIMONY.

OPINION OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS  
RESPECTING IT.

SOCRATES says, Whether you marry, my friend, or whether you marry not, that is your affair and not mine; but, which-ever of these resolutions you fix on, you will, every day of your life, have at least five-and-twenty reasons to repent. If you do not take a wife, you will be incessantly troubling yourself and your friends about the inconveniencies of a single condition. Your imagination will seem to want its object; you will be officiously painting the happiness that you imagine to exist only in marriage; and you will sigh that you are not in the way of partaking of it. If you do marry, you will scarcely be in possession of your wife, before you will wish that you had none. Weary of enjoying that which costs you no previous trouble to obtain, incommoded by the cries of children, or tormented by family altercations, or else ruined by insupportable expences, you will cast a longing, lingering look at your former condition: You will vainly wish that you had been wife enough not to buckle on your back so unprofitable a burthen.

Diogenes. This philosopher says, with a smile, If you are young, my friend, it is too soon for you to marry, because Liberty is the first, sweetest, and greatest of goods; and he must be a blockhead indeed who deprives himself of this blessing in the blossom of his days. If, on the contrary, you are old, it is too late for you to marry. Alas! what will you do with a wife! What folly it is to add a weight to that edifice which is already tumbling to ruin! Take my advice, friend; neither marry or let it alone. Remain in suspense at least till to-morrow, and death will settle the matter.

Euripides. A wife, (says he) is man's softest consolation in sickness and in health. In the mixture of good and evil which constitutes life, she divides the one, and increases the other.—Her cares are diligent, and often successful.

#### THE M I S E R.

FROM THE SPANISH.

THIS breathing mummy, in forming which nature designed to imitate the art that displays itself in pasteboard figures; this breathing mummy, which, by the cunning of the curious architect, seems to move its hands and feet; this breathing mummy is the figure of Flippo Narino, who never wore neither shoes or clothes that were new, or had a new hat upon his head, and who has a hundred thousand at usury. Look, as he moves, at the mantle full of holes, and all in tatters, which he has mended himself, with three needles of white thread, and which looks now as if it was made of Sir John Cutler's stockings. So it is with the shirt he has worn for fourteen years, without ever fairly taking it off; you will not find a shred in it that was there in the linen draper's shop. This fellow's common meal is boiled bread, with now and then three farthings worth of oxcheek, and at Christmasses and Easters one poached egg.

#### EPIGRAM—FROM MARSHAL

SINCE you so much resemble one another  
In your bad lives and ways, what makes this  
pothor?  
She the worst wife, the worst of husbands he,  
I wonder why the plague they can't agree!



## SATURDAY, JULY 4.

Wednesday JOHN JAY was sworn in Governor, and STEPHEN VAN RESSELAER, Lieutenant Governor of the State of New-York.

The following important Article is annexed to the Treaty:

### CONDITIONAL RATIFICATION On the Part of the United States,

In Senate, June 24, 1795.

Resolved, That the Senate do consent to, and advise the President of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation between his Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, concluded at London the 19th November, 1794, on condition that there be added to the said Treaty, an article whereby it shall be agreed to suspend the operation of so much of the XIIth Article, as respects the Trade, which his said Majesty thereby consents may be carried on between the United States and his Islands in the West Indies, in the manner, and on the terms and conditions therein specified.

And the Senate recommend to the President to proceed without delay to further friendly negotiations with his Majesty on the subject of the said trade, and of the terms and conditions in question.

From hence it is presumed, that it is (or was) optical with the President, either to ratify it or not, as he may find it well or ill received by THE PEOPLE.

It has been rumoured since Wednesday, that the President of the United States has refused to give his assent to the Treaty.

It is currently reported, that a petition, which had several thousands of names upon it, is handed round at Philadelphia, praying the President of the United States to withhold his signature from THE TREATY.

It is said that the Marshal of this district has forbid the sale of the prize taken by the French schooner La Vengeur, and was brought in here a few days since, on account of its being an illegal capture.

Reports say, that the above mentioned privateer was fitted out at Philadelphia, and sailed from thence without a clearance—on the other hand it is asserted that she was formerly an English privateer called the Dolphin, and was taken a few months since by several armed boats from Port-au-Paix. [Diary.]

Late on Thursday evening the ship Favorite, Capt. Storey, arrived at this port in 40 days from Havre-de-Grace. Capt. Storey brings papers to May 20, which we have have not yet seen, but learn, that there is not the most distant prospect of Peace, and that preparations for CONTINUED WAR are as vigorous as ever.

By Jamaica accounts to June 6, received on Thursday, we learn, that two French Privateers had burnt, sunk, and destroyed, within the month past, between that place and Cuba, 29 Spanish vessels. And that the brig Hero, Robertson, of London, who was going to join the convoy, at Regeil, was taken by a French Privateer.

Capt. Eldridge, of the brig Abigail, from Cherbourg which place he left the 17th May, informs, that the day before he sailed, accounts had been received there, that two Ambassadors had arrived at Paris from the Court of London for the purpose of negotiating a PEACE with the Republic of France. This account was confirmed by similar information from on board of an English frigate, which boarded Capt. Eldridge a few hours after he left Cherbourg.

The ship Ontario Capt. Wheaton, arrived at this port on Monday, in four months and twenty-seven days from Canton, in China. Left at Canton, to sail for Boston in about ten days, ship Jefferson, of Boston, Capt. Roberts, who had been north-westward.

We learn, that the cargo of the ship Maryland, From the Isle of France, for this port (which vessel was taken and carried into Bermuda in the month of April) is condemned by the Admiralty of said Island.

Capt. Harrison, in the schooner Sunbury Packet, arrived in 22 days from Port-au-Prince, informs that quietness prevailed there, and that nothing material had transpired during his stay there, flour was selling for 12 dollars, other provisions proportionably low, lumber 50 dollars per thousand.

Capt. Stevenson, from Gaudaloupe and St. Thomas, informs us, that while he remained at St. Thomas, certain intelligence had been received that Demarara had been taken possession of by the British.

### ARRANGEMENT,

For Celebrating the Fourth of July, 1795, the Nineteenth Anniversary of American Independence, agreed on by the joint committee of the Mechanic, Tammany, and Democratic Societies, and Officers of Militia, at a meeting held at Hunter's Hotel, on Friday evening, the 26th of June—

The Societies and Officers of the Militia will assemble on the Battery at 9 o'clock in the morning. The uniformed troops will join them at half past 9, and the whole move precisely at 10 o'clock, in the following order.

1. The Legion.
2. The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen.
3. Tammany Society.
4. Democratic Society.
5. Militia Officers.

From the Battery they will proceed through Beaver-street, down Broad-street into Pearl-street, up Beekman-street to the New Presbyterian Church. When arrived there, the legion will halt, and the whole open to the right and left; the officers of the militia will march up, and the others in the same order. The Declaration of Independence to be read by Mr. Ed. Livingston, after which a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Miller, and a collection made for the use of the Charity School of this church. An Ode, suitable to the day, will be sung.

In returning from the church, the procession will move in like manner as aforesaid, down Broad-way to the Battery, where a feu-de-joie is to be fired.

By Order of the joint committee of Arrangement.  
G. N. BLEECKER, Sec.

July 4, 1795.

CHARLESTON, June 16.

We learn from Capt. Oliver, that accounts were received at St. Thomas's, of the French having landed at, and taken possession of the island of Anguilla.

June 18.

Capt. Revell, who arrived on Tuesday from L'Archaye, informs, that on the 28th May he was at Port-au-Prince; that from appearances there, and information he received from several gentlemen, he was led to believe that the British troops would shortly evacuate that port; general Williamson had arrived there from Jamaica, and soon after seized on the estates of several persons who had submitted to the British—this gave great uneasiness to the French inhabitants.

## Court of Hymen.

### MARRIED

On Tuesday, the 9th ult. at Jamaica, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Van Nefs, Mr. JOHN HEGEMAN, to Miss MARTHA CRAFT—both of Cow-Neck.

On Tuesday evening, the 23d. ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. PETER JOSEPH HAREUBEL, of Havre-de-Grace, to Miss ELIZA TILLIN, of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. THOMAS WHITLOCK, to Miss ELEANOR BURGER—both of this city.

On Sunday last, at Brooklyn, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Kendal, Mr. EDWARD COOP, to Miss MARY MARLING—both of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. NEVIN WILLSON, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE BOYLAN, daughter of the late John Boylan, of New-Jersey.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. WILLIAM WEEKS, to Miss JANE PECK, daughter of Mr. George Peck—all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. DIVIE BETHUNE, merchant, to Miss JOANNAH GRAHAM—both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, to Miss MARY DURYEE—both of this city.

### FOURTH of JULY.

A Transparent Painting will be exhibited this Evening, being the FOURTH of JULY, at No. 75, Pearl-street. Suitable to that MEMORABLE ERA.

STACKHOUSE's HISTORY of the BIBLE, An elegant folio Edition, with Plates, for Sale at this Office.

### To Printers.

Three FOUNTS of TYPES, consisting of *Pica, Small Pica, and Paragon*, For Sale at this Office, cheap for Cash. tf.

Washing, Bleaching and Ironing, DONE in the Best Manner, at No. 10, Bowery-Lane. at the sign of the Rising Sun. New-York, July 4, 1795. 73 3

### COTTON,

In small packages, for sale by SAMUEL PELL, at No. 95, Pearl (late Great Dock) street.

### FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.

JOSEPH ROSE, Jun.

INSURANCE BROKER,

No. 273, Water-street.

June 13.

70—

Gentel Boarding and Lodging.

FOUR Gentlemen may be accommodated with Boarding and Lodging in a genteel Family. Enquire of the Printer. June 13. 6t

WANTED one or two Lads as APPRENTICES to the Cabinet Making Business.—Enquire at No. 46, Nassau-street. 70<sup>ts</sup>



## Court of Apollo.

AN THEM,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WITH songs of honour chanting high,  
Your grateful voices raise;  
Fair FREEDOM lights the Western sky  
And claims your tuneful lays.

No more beneath the oppressive hand  
Of Tyranny we groan;  
Behold, a smiling happy land  
That FREEDOM calls her own.

Come celebrate with Song and Praise,  
The day which makes us FREE;  
Let Harmony her Notes upraise  
To sing our JUBILEE.

All hail the blest auspicious day,  
And every heart agree  
To praise, and joyous honours pay  
To this our JUBILEE.

KISSING,

BY PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the lafs we  
adore,

Not a pleasure in nature is missing;  
May his soul be in Heav'n; he deserv'd it I'm  
sure,

Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master ADAM I very well think was the man,  
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd—  
Well, since the sweet game with creation began,  
To the end of the world may it last!

CURIOUS PERMISSION,

Given to Poulthier D'Elmotte, by the Sieur Le  
Noire, intendant of the police, under the old  
government of France:—

"I Permit you to write against the Deity, but  
not against Maurepas; against Religion,  
but not against Government; against the Apostles,  
but not against Ministers; against the Saints,  
but not against the Ladies of the Court; against  
Morals, but not against the Police." This we  
have on the authority of M. D'Elmotte himself,  
in the sixth number of the Bastille Devoile."

UNITED STATES

LOTTERY,

For the improvement of the City of  
WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few  
days: Tickets may be had by applying  
at D. DUNHAM'S Store, No. 26, Moore-Street,  
near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York;  
where Tickets in the last and present Lottery  
will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for  
establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by  
applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 1y

A SAIL BOAT,

PICKED up adrift on the 3d inst. by the sub-  
scribers, between the Ship-Yards and Cor-  
liers-Hook; she has been sloop rigged; her bow-  
sprit broke short at the bows, was bottom up,  
when found. Whoever owns said Boat, may  
have her again, by applying to the Printer, and  
paying necessary charger.

June 13.

WHEELER BROWN,  
JOHN BANNING.

## BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt Blain, from  
Glasgow, and for sale by  
JOHN HARRISSON,  
At his BookStore & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha,  
and Psalms,  
Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.  
do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.  
do. do. in one neat pocket vol.

New Testament, large print, octavo,  
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion  
in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,  
New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical  
Grammar, 2 vols.

Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,  
A great variety of the newest Song Books,  
A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets,  
Blank Books of all Kinds,  
Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,  
Copperplate Copy Books,  
Best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best  
foolscap do. common do.

Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders,  
Black Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Slates,  
Playing Cards, Message do.  
Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,  
Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and  
shoes, &c. &c.

Also, just received, a large Assortment of  
CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Harlem Oil, Turlington's Balsam, Prentiss's  
Balsam for Corns, Rheumatic Ointment,  
Anderson's Pills, and Godfrey's Cordial.

HARDWARE.

JEREMIAH HALLETT, & Co. No. 171,  
Water-street, between Burling-slip and Fly-  
Market, have just received by the Portland from  
Bristol, and other late arrivals, a General Assort-  
ment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c. among which  
are, Best steel plate mill, pit, cross-cut, and o-  
ther saws, anvils and vices, shovels and spades,  
English and Dutch frying pans, bar and sheet  
lead, sheet copper, tin plates, iron and brass  
wier, spelter solder, brass kettles, pots, kettles,  
and other castings, shovels and tongs, carpenters  
and joiners tools, cabinet wares, crowly and  
blistered steel, door, trunk, and other locks,  
kings of different sorts, knives and forks, and  
other kinds of Cutlery, Brads, nails and clouts,  
screws, iron and pewter spoons, coarse and fine  
combs, brushes, wafer and waffle irons, straw  
knives, coffee mills, best White Chapel needles,  
&c. &c. which will be sold on reasonable terms for  
cash or short credit.

New-York, June 6.

69—6w.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and  
the public, that he continues to carry on the  
UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-  
SINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Ve-  
sey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of  
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-  
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two  
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-  
prentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

WANTS EMPLOYMENT.

A Middle aged Woman, who perfectly under-  
stands confectionary, preserving, and pas-  
try, in all their various branches, would be glad  
to engage in Genteel Families by the day. En-  
quire at No. 22, Stone (formerly Duke) street.  
June 27. 72 1m.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of  
age, and of reputable connections, is  
wanted at this Office.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and  
the public that she continues to carry on the  
STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINA-  
RY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-  
street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years)  
where she hopes for the continuance of those fa-  
vors which it will be her constant endeavors to  
deserve.

Handsome and Airy APARTMENTS to  
Let, apply as above.

PRINTERS INK,

MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB  
FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the  
Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

HIRAM GARDINER,  
LADIES SHOE MAKER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this  
city that he has commenced business in Cedar-  
Street, No. 32, (formerly Little Queen-Street, two  
doors from the corner of Broad Way, nearly opposite  
Mr. Masons meeting house, as he has furnished himself  
with a quantity of the best materials and most approv-  
ed fashions, and means to make it his sole study to en-  
deavour to please and render satisfaction, to those who  
may deign to employ him, he doubts not of meet-  
ing with encouragement therefore solicits their favour  
and attention.

N. B. The subscriber returns his sincere thanks to  
those Ladies who has been pleased to favour him with  
their custom and hopes for a continuance of the same.

72—4w.

SHIP PAINTING,

By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed  
in the most elegant manner, at the shortest  
notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city.  
Window Glass 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and  
7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in  
the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—1f

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED  
BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—  
BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine. for  
the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and  
irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts,  
good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any  
description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles,  
pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards,  
&c.—Also, a general assortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-  
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.

No. 2, Beekman-stip.

SAMUEL ALLEN,  
MERCHANT TAYLOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the  
public in general, that he has commenced business  
at No. 281, Pearl Street, where all orders will be  
thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N. B. He has on hand an elegant assortment of  
superfine cloths and cassimeres of the best quality, also,  
striped, clouded, plain and twilled nankeens; and a  
variety of elegant muslin and muslinet, plain and  
printed vest shapes, satins, Marseilles quilting, and  
many other articles too tedious to mention.

New-York, May 9, 1795.

65.—1f.

A Person who writes a plain hand and under-  
stands common accounts, would be glad of  
a place in a store or an office, on moderate terms.  
N. B. A line addressed to N. and left at this  
Office, will be duly attended to.